

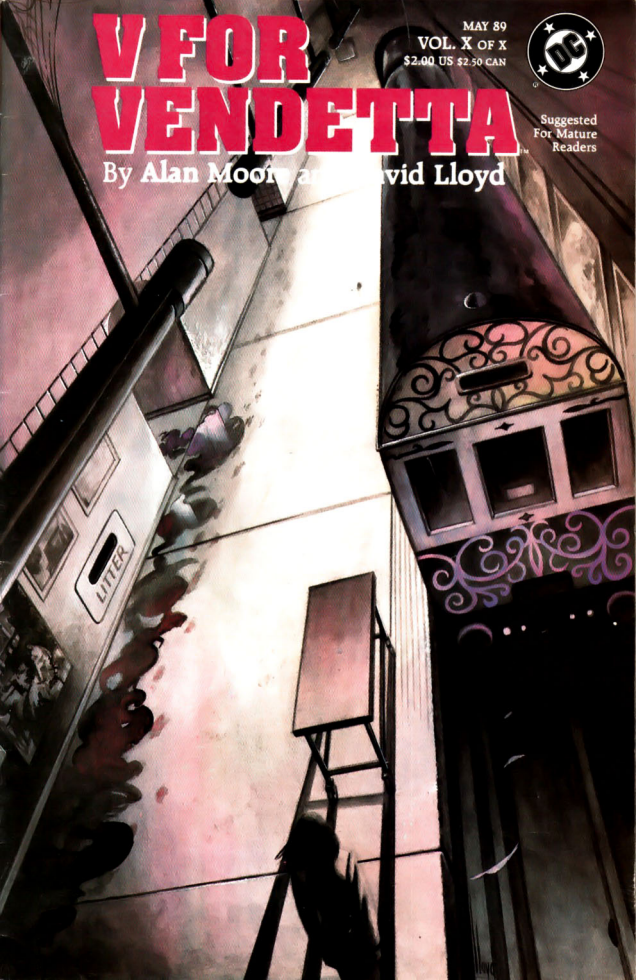
V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

MAY 89
VOL. X OF X
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Suggested
For Mature
Readers

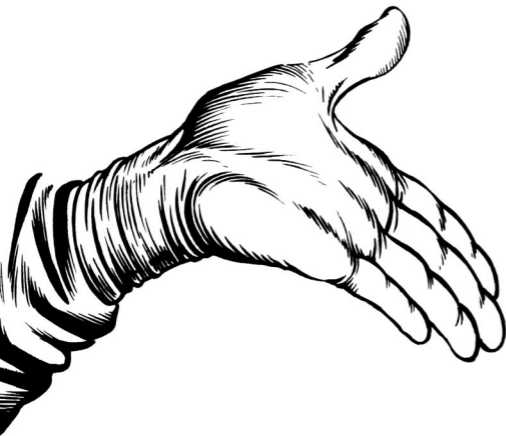


V FOR VENDETTA™

By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

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V FOR VENDETTA 10

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...POINTLESS TRYING.
WHAT COULD WE DO
WITH HALF HIS
HEAD GONE?



...ASK YOU ONE
MORE TIME: IS THIS
THE MAN THAT
HIRED YOU?



...WAITING FOR
NEWS OURSELVES.
GET REINFORCE-
MENTS INTO PECK-
HAM AND AWAIT
FURTHER
INSTRUCTIONS.

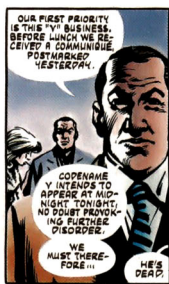
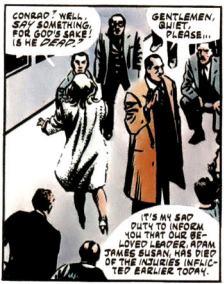


CONRAD? WELL,
SAY SOMETHING,
FOR GOD'S SAKE!
IS HE DEAD?

GENTLEMEN,
QUIET,
PLEASE...

A STATE OF EMERGENCY
IS HEREBY DECLARED, AND
FOR ITS DURATION, THE
TASK OF MAINTAINING
ORDER WILL, NATURALLY
PASS TO THE FINGER.

OUR FIRST PRIORITY
IS THIS "Y" BUSINESS.
BEFORE LUNCH WE RE-
CEIVED A COMMUNIQUE,
POSTMARKED
YESTERDAY.



WHAT? WAIT
A MINUTE ..

IT'S MY SAD
DUTY TO INFORM
YOU THAT OUR BE-
LOVED LEADER, ADAM
JAMES SUSAN, HAS DIED
OF THE INJURIES IMPLIC-
ATED EARLIER TODAY.

CONRAD,
SHUT UP! IT'S
ALL RIGHT, LET
HIM FINISH.

CODENAME
Y INTENDS TO
APPEAR AT MID-
NIGHT TONIGHT,
NO DOUBT PROVOK-
ING FURTHER
DISORDER.

WE
MUST THERE-
FORE ...

HE'S
DEAD.

CODENAME
Y.

HE'S DEAD.

I
SHOT HIM.



WALTER
VULTURES



DO... DO YOU THINK HE'S REALLY DEAD? THE TERRORIST, LIKE FINCH SAID?

FINCH IS HALF OUT OF HIS MIND ON DRUGS, BY ALL ACCOUNTS. STILL, HE'S A BORING, RELIABLE LITTLE MAN...

HE PROBABLY DID IT.

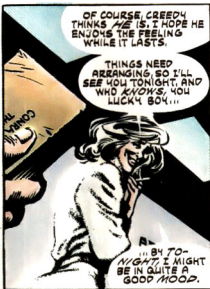
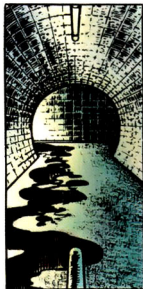


PARCEL ARRIVED FOR YOU, MR. HEYER.

HM? OH... THANK YOU!!!

THE QUESTION IS, WHAT NEXT? THE ASSASSINATION'S TAKEN US ALL BY SURPRISE. RIGHT NOW, THIS COUNTRY'S A POLITICAL VACUUM.

NOBODY'S IN CHARGE.



OF COURSE, CREEDEY THINKS ~~AGE~~ IS. I HOPE HE ENJOYS THE FEELING WHILE IT LASTS.

THINGS NEED ARRANGING, SO I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT, AND WHO KNOWS, YOU LUCKY BOY...

... BY TONIGHT, I MIGHT BE IN QUITE A GOOD MOOD.





MR. FINCH...? LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE STILL SHOOK UP AND CONFUSED FROM THE DRUGS, BUT...

I MEAN, THE AMOUNT OF BLOOD I MUST HAVE KILLED HIM, BUT...

WELL, WE NEED TO KNOW CERTAIN THINGS: ARE YOU SURE YOU KILLED THE TERRORIST?

MORTALLY WOUNDED. YES, I'M SURE.

BUT WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MY BACK WAS TURNED, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS THERE...



...AND WHEN HE ALERTED ME, PULLING MY GUN OUT, I WAS SO SLOW...

I MEAN, HE'S LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING, HE COULD HAVE STOPPED ME. HE...

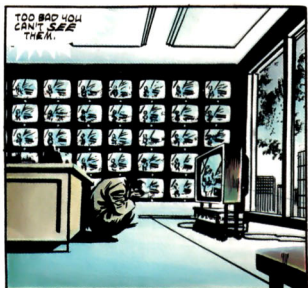
HE COULD HAVE KILLED ME.

HM, YES, WELL, WE'LL TAKE IT HE'S DEAD, THEN...

...SO THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IS, WHERE DID ALL THIS HAPPEN?

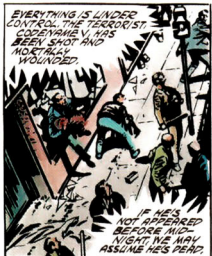


I, UH... DO YOU KNOW, I DON'T REMEMBER. MUST BE THE DRUGS, EH?





ATTENTION, LONDON. THIS IS EMERGENCY COMMANDER PETER CREEDEY SPEAKING.



EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL. THE TERRORIST, CODENAME V, HAS BEEN SHOT AND MORTALLY WOUNDED.

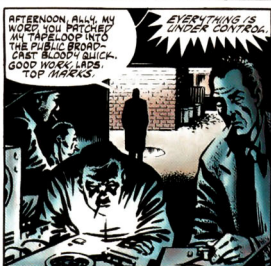
IF HE'S NOT APPEARED BEFORE MID-NIGHT, WE MAY ASSUME HE'S DEAD.



WE REPEAT, THE TERRORIST HAS BEEN SHOT, THE INSURRECTION IS OVER, PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES, AND TO YOUR LOVED ONES.

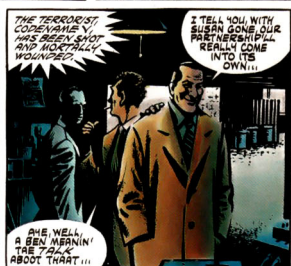
ATTENTION, LONDON.

THIS IS EMERGENCY COMMANDER PETER CREEDEY SPEAKING...



AFTERNOON, ALLY. MY WORD, YOU PATCHED MY TAPELOOP INTO THE PUBLIC BROADCAST BLOODY QUICK. GOOD WORK, LADS. TOP MARKS.

EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL.



THE TERRORIST, CODENAME V, HAS BEEN SHOT AND MORTALLY WOUNDED.

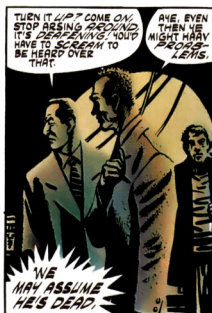
I TELL YOU, WITH SUSAN GONE, OUR PARTNERSHIP'LL REALLY COME INTO ITS OWN...

AHE, WELL, A BEN MEANIN' TAE TALK ABOUT THAT...



GOOD. LET'S TALK, CAN WE TURN THAT THING DOWN?

TERN ET DOON? A WUZ JUST THENKEN ET WUZ A BET QUIET, MASEL', MEBBE A SHUID TERN ET AP?



TURN IT UP? COME ON, STOP ARSING AROUND, IT'S DEAFENING! YOU'D HAVE TO SCREAM TO BE HEARD OVER THAT.

AHE, EVEN THEN YE MIGHT HAAY PROG-LEMS.

WE MAY ASSUME HE'S DEAD.



WE REPEAT, THE TERRORIST HAS BEEN SHOT.

WHAT? I'M NOT...

OH JESUS.

JESUS, ALLY, COME ON, DON'T LARK ABOUT. WHAT 'S THIS, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE? I'M PAYING YOU GOOD MONEY...



THE INSURRECTION IS OVER.

A HAAD A BETTER OFFER.

AAA!



DOUGH, OH NO. OH NO !!!

SHOOT ME, COME ON, EH? PLEASE.

JUST SHOOT ME.

PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES!!!



...AND TO YOUR LOVED ONES,

A'LL STECK WI' MA MALKY, EF ET'S AAL, THE SAME TE MI, LIKE,

TAE BE PERFECTLY HONEST, A WOULDNAE WASTE THE BULLET.



ATTENTION, LONDON.

THIS IS EMERGENCY COMMANDER PETER CREEDEY SPEAKING,



EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL.



THE TERRORIST, CODENAME Y, HAS BEEN MORTALLY WOUNDED.



IF HE'S NOT APPEARED BEFORE MID-NIGHT, WE MAY ASSUME HE'S DEAD.



WE REPEAT, THE TERRORIST HAS BEEN SHOT, THE INSURRECTION IS OVER.

PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES, AND TO YOUR LOVED ONES,



EYE...



OH, YOU'RE BACK.

Y, YOU JUST WALKED OFF AFTER SHOWING ME THAT TRAIN THING.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?







"EVE ...
"EVE, LISTEN CAREFULLY,
THE ONE I WAITED FOR
HAS CALLED, AND NOW
I HAVE NOT LONG ..."



"Y... OH GOD
DON'T TALK,
I'LL GET
BANDAGES..."

"NO... I'D BE
DEAD ERE YOU
RETURNED AND
THERE ARE THINGS
THAT YOU MUST
KNOW..."



"THIS COUNTRY IS NOT
SAVED... DO NOT THINK
THAT... BUT ALL ITS OLD
BELIEFS HAVE COME TO
RUBBLE, AND FROM
RUBBLE MAY WE BUILD..."

"THAT IS THEIR TASK;
TO RULE THEMSELVES;
THEIR LIVES AND
LOVES AND LAND..."



WITH THIS ACHIEVED,
THEY LET THEM TALK
OF SALVATION, WITHOUT
IT, THEY ARE SURELY
CARRION.

OH NO, OH
PLEASE...

BY TURN OF
CENTURY THEY'LL
KNOW THEIR
FATE: EITHER A
ROSE MIDST RUBBLE
BLOOMS, OR ELSE HAS
BLOOMED TOO LATE.



"BUT WHAT OF
YOU, CHILD,
NOW I'M DEAD?"

"YOU'RE NOT!
YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO DIE!"

"HUSH, FIRST, YOU MUST
DISCOVER WHOSE FACE
LIES BEHIND THIS MASK,
BUT YOU MUST NEVER
KNOW MY FACE, IS THAT
QUITE CLEAR?"

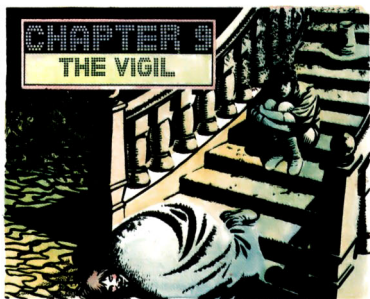


WHAT? WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING?

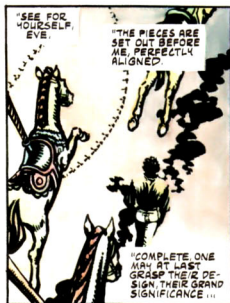
... ALSO... THE
VICTORIA LINE IS
BLOCKED... TWIXT
WHITEHALL AND
ST. JAMES... GIVE
ME A VIKING
FUNERAL...

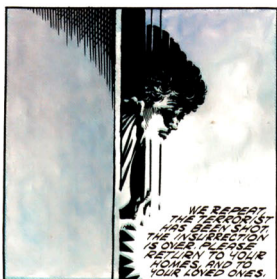
GOOD LUCK,
SWEET EVE,
I LOVE YOU.

AWE...
ATQUE...
VALE...



CHAPTER 9 THE VIGIL





"ANARCHY WEARS TWO FACES, BOTH CREATOR AND DESTROYER."



"THUS DESTROYERS TOPPLE EMPIRES, MAKE A CANVAS OF CLEAN RUBBLE WHERE CREATORS THEN CAN BUILD A BETTER WORLD."

"RUBBLE, ONCE ACHIEVED, MAKES FURTHER RUIN'S MEANS IRRELEVANT."

"AWAY WITH OUR EXPLOSIVES THEN! AWAY WITH OUR DESTROYERS! THEY HAVE NO PLACE WITHIN OUR BETTER WORLD..."



"BUT LET US RAISE A TOAST TO ALL OUR BOMBERS, ALL OUR BASTARDS, MOST UNLOVELY AND MOST UNFORGIVABLE."

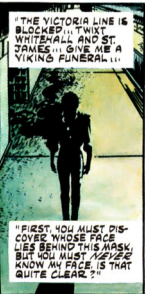


"LET'S DRINK THEIR HEALTH..."

"... THEN MEET WITH THEM NO MORE."



"THE VICTORIA LINE IS BLOCKED... TWIXT WHITEHALL AND ST. JAMES... GIVE ME A YIKING FUNERAL..."



"FIRST, YOU MUST DISCOVER WHOSE FACE LIES BEHIND THIS MASK, BUT YOU MUST NEVER KNOW MY FACE, IS THAT QUITE CLEAR?"

NO.

NO, IT ISN'T CLEAR AT ALL.



"YOU WOULDN'T DIE AND LEAVE ME IN ALL THIS CONFUSION, SO YOU CAN'T BE DEAD. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT."

"I'M GOING TO WALK UP THESE STAIRS AND THROUGH THAT DOOR AND YOU'LL BE ALIVE AND IT WILL BE JUST ANOTHER MEAN TRICK, ANOTHER PART OF MY EDUCATION."



"NO HANGING BACK, STRAIGHT UP THE STAIRS, STRAIGHT THROUGH THE DOOR, AND..."



SO,
DEAD
THEN.

OH CHRIST, WHAT
HAPPENS NEXT?
YOU NEVER SAID,
YOU NEVER SAID
WHAT YOU WERE
EDUCATING ME
FOR.

YOU NEVER TOLD
ME WHAT I'M
SUPPOSED TO DO.



ALL RIGHT.

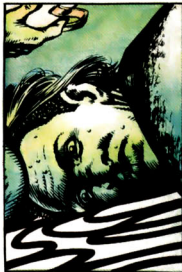
ALL RIGHT,
THEN,
WHAT I DO
IS THIS:

I WALK
TOWARDS THE
BODY, VERY
QUIETLY, VERY
REVERENTLY...



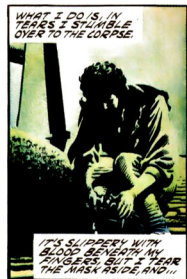
...AND I STOOP
DOWN, MY FINGERS
STRUGGLE CLUMSILY
WITH ELASTICATED
STRAPS...

... AND THEN I TAKE
OFF THE MASK...



NO.

NO, THAT
ISN'T WHAT
I DO.



WHAT I DO IS, IN
TEARS I STUMBLE
OVER TO THE CORPSE.

IT'S SLIPPERY WITH
BLOOD BENEATH MY
FINGERS, BUT I TEAR
THE MASK ASIDE, AND...



NO.

NO, THAT'S
NOT IT.

... BECAUSE YOU WERE SO BIG, Y, AND WHAT IF YOU'RE JUST NOBODY?

... OR EVEN IF YOU'RE SOME-ONE, YOU'LL BE SMALLER, 'CAUSE OF ALL THE PEOPLE THAT YOU COULD HAVE BEEN, BUT WEREN'T...

OH, I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

JUST DO IT. THERE'S NO REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T, NO ONE HERE TO STOP ME.

I'LL JUST WALK ACROSS THE FLOOR AND TAKE HOLD OF THE MASK, AND...



NO. NO, I'M PAST THAT ONE. YOU WEREN'T MY DAD. I KNOW THAT.

EVEN IF YOU WERE, IT WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH.

IF I TAKE OFF THAT MASK, SOMETHING WILL GO AWAY FOREVER, BE DIMINISHED BECAUSE WHOEVER YOU ARE ISN'T AS BIG AS THE IDEA OF YOU, BUT... BUT...

BUT YOU SAID I HAD TO, THAT I HAD TO KNOW...

... SO I START WALKING TOWARDS THE BODY, TRYING NOT TO TREAD IN ALL THE BLOOD...

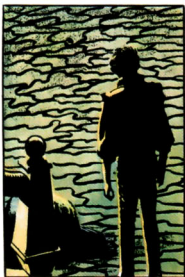
IT DOESN'T MOVE. IT DOESN'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A PERSON ANY-MORE, SOMETHING HAS GONE FROM IT.

I KNEEL, MY HANDS ARE TREMBLING, I CAN HARDLY FIND THE FASTENINGS, BUT FINALLY I LIFT AWAY THAT MADDENING SMILE, AND...

... AND AT LAST I KNOW.

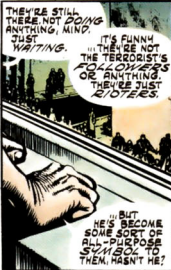
I KNOW WHO Y MUST BE.







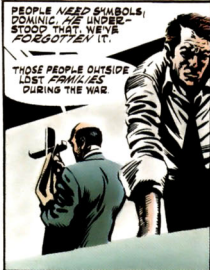
NOVEMBER 9TH, 1998. 9.30 A.M.:



THEY'RE STILL DOING
THAT, NOT DOING
ANYTHING, MIND,
JUST
WAITING.

IT'S FUNNY
...THEY'RE NOT
THE TERRORIST'S
FOLLOWERS
OR ANYTHING.
THEY'RE JUST
RIOTERS.

...BUT
HE'VE BECOME
SOME SORT OF
ALL-PURPOSE
SYMBOL TO
THEM, HASN'T HE?



PEOPLE NEED SYMBOLS;
DOMINIC, HE UNDER-
STOOD THAT, WE'VE
FORGOTTEN IT.

THOSE PEOPLE OUTSIDE
LOST FAMILIES
DURING THE WAR.



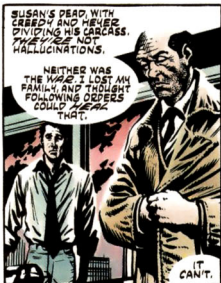
WE'VE KEPT THE LID ON
THEIR BITTERNESS FOR
YEARS, BUT WE HAVEN'T
HELPED THEM DEAL
WITH IT.

MAYBE HE DIDN'T
EITHER, BUT HE
CERTAINLY TOOK
THE LID OFF...

...JUST LIKE
LARKHILL DID FOR ME,
EVERYTHING'S DIFFERENT
NOW, DOMINIC. I DON'T
BELONG HERE ANKMORE.



H-YOU'RE
GOING?
MR. FINCH,
LISTEN, IT'S
THE
DRUGS...



SUSAN'S DEAD, WITH
CREEBY AND MEYER
DIVIDING HIS CARCASS.
THEY'RE NOT
HALLUCINATIONS.

NEITHER WAS
THE WAR. I LOST MY
FAMILY, AND THOUGHT
FOLLOWING ORDERS
COULD HEAL
THAT.

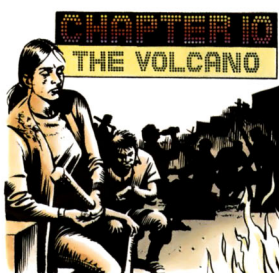
IT
CAN'T.



I'M FOLLOWING MY
OWN ORDERS NOW,
AND GETTING OUT
BEFORE EVERYTHING
BLOWS. PERHAPS YOU
SHOULD, TOO.

GOODBYE,
DOMINIC.

TAKE
CARE, LAD.



CHAPTER 10 THE VOLCANO



MULLDO?

SORRY AM LATE AN' THAT. CREEPY TAKE A BET LOANER THUN UNTESSAPATED.

STELL, WE GOAT A COUPLE' HOOR BEFORE HUBBY GETS BAAK, EH?



BUT YOU CAN SEE THE LENS.

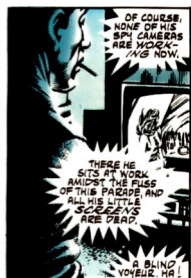
A CANNAE HEAR A WUD'UR SAYIN'. GESSA MENNET AN' I'LL BE WI' YE.

EH, A SPORK TAE MOST O' THE CHIEF COOPERS, AN' THEY ACCEPT THE NU MAANAGEMENT, NAE BATHER.



SEE, THEY DIDNAE LIKE CREEPY EITHER, SO ET LUKES LIKE WE...

EVERY PARTY MEMBER'S BEDROOM HAS ONE, EVEN HIS OWN, AND HE WONDERS WHY I WON'T LET HIM TOUCH ME.



OF COURSE, NONE OF HIS SPY CAMERAS ARE WORKING NOW.

THERE HE SITS AT WORK AMIDST THE FUSS OF THIS PARADE, AND ALL HIS LITTLE SCREENS ARE DEAD.

A BLIND YOYEUR. HA!



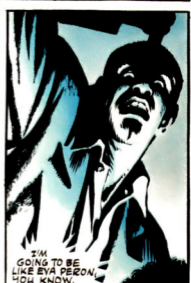
HERE THEY ARE, CONRAD. HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE MISSING.

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T SEE THEM.



YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW HARD IT'S BEEN MANEUVERING HIM INTO A POSITION WHERE HE CAN TAKE CHARGE.

OF COURSE, I'LL BE MAKING ALL THE REAL DECISIONS ... BACKED UP BY YOUR MUSCLE, OBVIOUSLY.



I'M GOING TO BE LIKE BYA PERON, YOU KNOW.



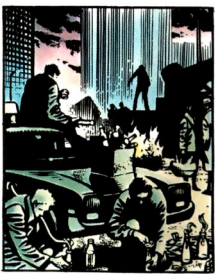
DID YOU EVER SEE 'AYITA'?



DON'T CRY FOR ME, ARGENTINA...



THE TRUTH IS...



OH YES, THAT'S IT. DO IT. DO IT HARD...



THAT'S IT.

OH, THAT'S OH DARLING, I'M...



OH.



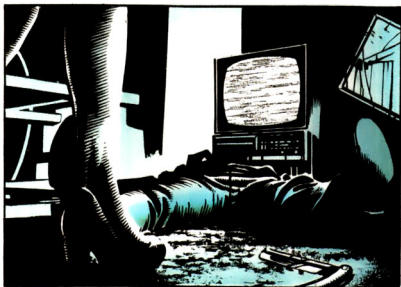
SO YOU FINALLY SHOWED UP I'VE BEEN ROUND HALF LONDON LOOKING FOR YOU.

WELL YOU CAN PULL YOUR TROUSERS BACK UP AND PISS OFF CONRAD'S HOME IN AN HOUR.



AT LEAST NOBODY HAS SEEN CREEPY SINCE TEA-TIME, WHICH PROBABLY INDICATES YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING RIGHT AT LEAST.

BUT IF YOU THINK THAT ENTITLES YOU TO...



M-Helen...?



I WON, HELEN ...

I WAS ...
BEST
MAN ...

HE'S GONE ...
GONE NOW ...
WON'T COME ...
BETWEEN US ...
ANYMORE ...



CUT ME ... HAD A RAZOR ...
... THINK HE HIT A
VEIN ...

BUT YOU ...
YOU CAN GET ME
TO A DOCTOR
...

WE'VE
BEEN ... THROUGH
A BAD PATCH,
HELEN, BUT ...



BUT WE CAN
STILL ...



DON'T TOUCH
ME!

YOU STUPID
PIECE OF
SHIT, DON'T
TOUCH
ME!

YOU'VE
RUINED IT!
YOU'VE RUINED
IT ALL!

HELEN ...



HOW ARE WE GOING
TO CONTROL THE FINGER
NOW? CHRIST, I HAD
IT ALL PLANNED, I HAD
IT ALL PLANNED!
OH, YOU STUPID ...

H-HELEN ...?
WHAT ...
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?



I'M LOOK-
ING FOR
SOMETHING,
I KNOW IT'S
HERE SOME-
WHERE,
BUT ...

AH, FOUND
IT.

HELEN ...
THERE'S NO TIME
... I'M BLEEDING ...
BLEEDING VERY
BADLY ...

NEED A
DOCTOR
...

OH NO, NO,
YOU DON'T.



I KNOW WHAT YOU
NEED, CONRAD. I'VE
ALWAYS KNOWN
WHAT YOU NEED.

YOU NEED
TO WATCH, DON'T
YOU, CONRAD? NEED
TO WATCH IN YOUR
WORK; IN YOUR
BED ...

WELL, I'VE
GOT SOMETHING
YOU'RE GOING
TO LOVE.



THERE, CONRAD.
MY PARTING
GIFT.

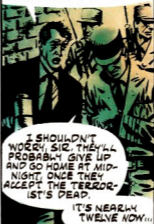
WATCH
THAT.



HELEN?



ME? SENIOR AUTHORITY? WELL, WHERE'S CREEPY, FOR GOD'S SAKE? HE SHOULD BE HANDLING THIS.



I SHOULDN'T WORRY, SIR. THEY'LL PROBABLY GIVE UP AND GO HOME AT MIDNIGHT, ONCE THEY ACCEPT THE TERRORIST'S DEAD.

IT'S NEARLY TWELVE NOW...

AH, THERE YOU ARE, SIR.



THERE'S BIG BEN STRIKING THE HOUR NOW.

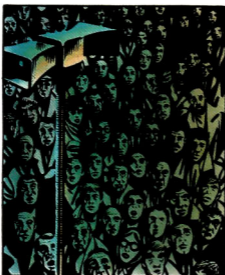
LOVELY, REASSURING SOUND, DON'T YOU THINK, SIR?

UH, YES. YES, I SUPPOSE I...



WAIT A MINUTE...

BIG BEN WAS BLOWN UP TWELVE MONTHS AGO.



THE *SPEAKERS*! IT'S COMING FROM THE *SPEAKERS*! THAT MEANS SOMEONE MUST...



...HAVE...



GOOD EVENING,
LONDON.

I WOULD
INTRODUCE MY-
SELF, BUT TRUTH
TO TELL, I DO NOT
HAVE A NAME.



YOU
CAN CALL
ME "Y".



SINCE MANKIND'S
DAWN, A HANDFUL OF
OPPRESSORS HAVE
ACCEPTED THE RE-
SPONSIBILITY OVER
OUR LIVES THAT
WE SHOULD HAVE
ACCEPTED FOR
OURSELVES.

BY DOING
SO, THEY TOOK
OUR POWER.

BY DOING
NOTHING, WE
GAVE IT AWAY.

WE'VE SEEN WHERE
THEIR WAY LEADS,
THROUGH CAMPS AND
WARS, TOWARDS THE
SLAUGHTERHOUSE

" IN ANARCHY,
THERE IS
ANOTHER
WAY.



WITH
ANARCHY, FROM
RUBBLE COMES NEW
LIFE, HOPE RE-
INSTATED. THEY SAY
ANARCHY'S DEAD,
BUT SEE ..

REPORTS
OF MY DEATH
WERE ...

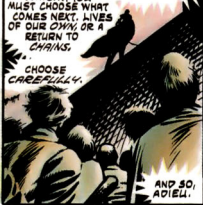


...EXAGGERATED.

TOMORROW, DOWNING
STREET WILL BE
DESTROYED, THE HEAD
REDUCED TO RUINS, AN
END TO WHAT HAS
GONE BEFORE.

TONIGHT, YOU
MUST CHOOSE WHAT
COMES NEXT. LIVES
OF OUR OWN, OR A
RETURN TO
CHAINS.

...
CHOOSE
CAREFULLY.



AND SO,
ADIEU.







NOVEMBER 10TH,
1988. 2:00 A.M.:

"GIVE ME A VIKING
FUNERAL." YOU SAID.

THAT ISN'T MUCH.

THAT ISN'T
MUCH TO ASK.

NOT AFTER
ALL YOU DID.

YOU CAME OUT OF
AN ABATTOIR UN-
HARMED, BUT NOT
UNCHANGED, AND
SAW FREEDOM'S
NECESSITY; NOT
JUST FOR YOU,
BUT FOR US ALL.

YOU SAW, AND,
SEEING, DARED
TO DO.

HOW PURPOSEFUL
WAS YOUR YENDETTA,
HOW BENIGN, ALMOST
LIKE SURGERY!!!

YOUR FOES ASSUMED
YOU SOUGHT REVENGE
UPON THEIR FLESH
ALONE, BUT YOU DID
NOT STOP THERE!!!

YOU GORED THEIR
IDEOLOGY AS WELL.

THE PEOPLE STAND WITHIN
THE RUINS OF SOCIETY, A
JAIL INTENDED TO OUT-
LIVE THEM ALL.

THE DOOR IS OPEN.
THEY CAN LEAVE, OR
FALL INSTEAD TO
SQUABBING AND
THEIR NEW
SLAVORIES.

THE CHOICE IS
THEIRS, AS EVER
IT MUST BE.

I WILL NOT LEAD THEM,
BUT I'LL HELP THEM
BUILD, HELP THEM
CREATE WHERE I'LL
NOT HELP THEM KILL.

THE AGE OF KILLERS
IS NO MORE.

THEY HAVE NO
PLACE WITHIN OUR
BETTER WORLD.

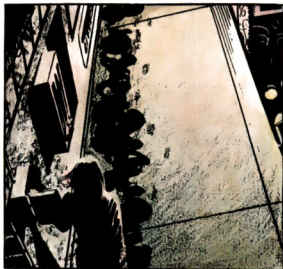
"GIVE ME A VIKING
FUNERAL," YOU SAID.

IT'S YOURS,
MY LOVE...

CHAPTER 11

VALHALLA

IT'S YOURS.



AWAY.

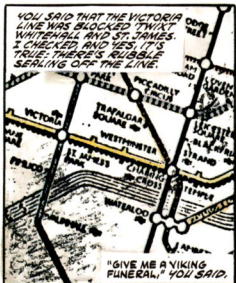
AWAY YOU GO, WITH ALL YOUR GELIGNITE AND LILIES.



HOW MUCH EXPLOSIVE WAS THERE ON THAT TRAIN? I NEVER THOUGHT TO COUNT THE PACKAGES.

ENOUGH, I BET.

PERHAPS A LITTLE MORE...



YOU SAID THAT THE VICTORIA LINE WAS BLOCKED TWIXT WHITEHALL AND ST. JAMES. I CHECKED, AND YES, IT'S TRUE: THERE'S RUBBLE SEALING OFF THE LINE.

"GIVE ME A VIKING FUNERAL," YOU SAID.

I HAVE FOUR MINUTES LEFT TO TAKE THE ELEVATOR TO THE ROOF, SO EASY NOW TO FIND MY WAY AROUND...

I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND...

NOT THEN...

UPON OUR GUIDED TOUR YOU SHOWED THIS PLACE TO ME AND SAID IT WAS YOUR WILL...

... BUT YOU WERE RIGHT, OF COURSE, ABOUT THIS PLACE, YOU DID SHOW ME YOUR WILL...

... AND I'M SOLE BENEFICIARY.

IT'S TWO FOUR-TEEN, YOU'RE ALMOST THERE NOW, SPEEDING ON YOUR FUNERAL BARGE ALONG DRY SUBTERRANEAN CANALS...

DOWN THROUGH THE DARK TOWARDS YOUR DESTINATION...

... WHERE THE LINE IS BLOCKED TWIXT WHITE-HALL AND ST. JAMES...

... RIGHT UNDER DOWNING STREET.

AVE ATQUE VALE, Y.

I LOOKED IT UP.

"HAIL AND
FAREWELL."

DESCENDING NOW TO
CLAIM MY HERITAGE,
I THINK ABOUT THE
TASK AHEAD, SO VAST,
SO VITAL AND SO
DIFFICULT !!!

I FEEL ELATED,
WILD,
ENTHUSIASTIC...

... BUT NOT
SCARED.

THERE ISN'T
TIME FOR FEAR,
FOR ME OR
ANYONE.

WE'VE THINGS
TO DO !!!

... PEOPLE
TO SEE,

MWHH !!!?
WHERE !!! ?

OH.

OH JESUS.

WELCOME, YOUNG MAN.
I TRUST YOU ARE RE-
COVERED QUITE FROM
YOUR ORDEAL ? AS
FOR YOUR
QUESTION...

WE ARE
IN THE
SHADOW
GALLERY.

THIS IS MY
HOME.



C'MON, JEANNIE

C'MON, WHASSAMATTER WIT'HER? GISSA SHAG, AH?

NO! WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME? AND MY NAME'S NOT JEANNIE!

YUH GIVE Y'M ONE

HE HAD FOOD, TO REPLACE WHAT THAT RABBLE IN THE CITY STOLE FROM ME. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?

'EY UP, WE'VE GOT COMPANY.

OH GOD, NOT ANOTHER ONE. HOW MANY OF YOU TRAMPS ARE LIVING OUT HERE? IT'S

WAIT A MINUTE

FINCH?

IS THAT YOU?

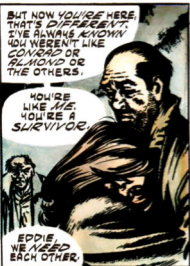
MRS. HEYER?

OH GOD, EDWARD FINCH, ISN'T IT?

EDWARD, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

A MOB TURNED MY CAR OVER ON THE WAY OUT OF LONDON AND TOOK EVERYTHING!

I'VE HAD TO SHELTER WITH THESE LOITS, JUST FOR PROTECTION...





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BY YOU
LECTION

EA